STATESMEN WHO DANCE.

ULARITY.

PRINCE WINDISCHGRAETZ WALTZES - DANCING IN BERLIN-IT IS A DIPLOMATIC QUALIFI-CATION-FEW KINGS DANCE.

Austria's new Cabinet, which assumed office last autumn amid a perfect tempest of public dissatisfaction, and seemed in consequence thereof destined to early defeat, now appears assured of a long lease of life by reason of the popularity and parquette which it at present enjoys. It may be described as having achieved this result at a bound, for Prime Minister and his colleagues have won the good will, sympathy and the warm regard of their fellow-citizens, not by any enlightened piece of statesmanship, policy or administrative reform, but by a hop, a skip and a jump-that is to say, by waltzing.

Each year Lent is ushered in at Vienna with a great public ball at the Grand Opera House, and which goes by the name of the "Industriellen-It is under the patronage of the ladies of the Imperial family and of the leaders of the aristocracy, and is attended, not only by the latter, but also by the most respectable and well-todo members of the bourgeoisie, constituting one those rare occasions when the, at other times widely separated, nobility and citizens meet socially on common ground. At the last "Industriellenbal," the Cabinet Ministers were, as usual, present. Instead, however, of maintaining the stately and dignified demeanor of their predecessors on occasions such as these, apparently with the object of impressing the good people with their importance and with a due sense of the honor which they were conferring by their mere presence, Prince Windischgraetz, the new Prime Minister and his colleagues entered heartily into the fun and gayety of the entertainment. The members of the present Cabinet are nearly all young men, possessed of that genial temperament so characteristic of the Austrian nation. Suddenly a rumor spread like wildfire throughout the house to the effect that the Ministers were actually dancing-a most unheard-of proeding-and those who were fortunate enough to get a seat in the boxes were enabled to catch a glimpse of the princely Premier, of the Finance von Plener, and of the Minister of Justice and Public Worship, Count von Schoenbrother of the Cardinal of that name, spinning around the floor to the inspiring strains of one of Strauss's waltzes, just as if they were young calvary subalterns or mere diplomatic attaches. Only those who are aware of the immense prestige enjoyed on the Continent of Europe by Cabinet Ministers will be able to appreciate the sensation aroused by this spectacle. They are addressed as "Excellency," most of them have sentinels at their doors and mounted military orderlies at their disposal, and when they condescend to grant an audience to any one, the visitor, unless he be their equal in offidal rank, is expected to don evening dress and white gloves, even if it be at 9 o'clock in the morning. The idea that such august creatures as these should actually be susceptible to the rhythm of a waltz and capable of dancing polkas never seems to have dawned upon the worthy until that time; and so delighted are they to discover that even Cabinet Ministers their national love of gayety and pleasure, and are subject to the same human weaknesses and temptations as themselves, that they are now willing to accord to the Administration a degree of confidence and popularity not enjoyed by any of its predecessors, and which appears almost incredible when one remembers that it is formed of that very aristocracy which defeated the enlightened project for the increase of electoral suffrage presented by the previous Cabinet in the name of the Emperor.

Why should not Cabinet Ministers dance? I do not believe that there is any strict rule of etiquette upon the subject at any of the foreign courts. And yet the idea of their waltzing does not seem altogether consistent with the ideas of strict propriety and dignity. I, for myself, canmember ever to have seen a Cabinet Minister indulging in a round dance. The nearest approach to it was the so-called "torchlight sion of the festivities dance" at Berlin on the in connection with the marriage of William's eldest sister, Charlotte, to Prince Bernard of Meiningen. But that can scarcely be called a dance, as the stately polonaise is much more of a march, and the dancing of the Cabinet Ministers on such occasions as these is limited to marching solemnly, two by two, at the head of the Imperial procession, each of them carrying a lighted candle in his hand, and loking very uncomfortable, ill at ease, and rather ridiculous. One cannot, for instance, imagine Mr. Gladstone. Lord Salisbury, M. de Freycinet, the German Chancellor, Signor Crispi or the Spanish Prime Minister, Sagasta, in the act of waltzing, although "Punch" has familiarized us with the spectacle that would be presented by the Grand Old Man dancing a hornpipe.

On the other hand, it appears to be quite the accepted and correct thing for ambassadors to dance, waltzing being regarded in the light of a diplomatic qualification. Thus, a man may be a Cabinet Minister and debarred by the ideas that prevail on the subject from waltzing; but the very moment he surrenders his portfolio to accept some foreign mission, he may even poika with impunity. The Court of St. James, for instance, being aware that Queen Marguerite of Italy is passionately fond of dancing, seems to make a point of always being represented at the Quirinal by an Ambassador noted for his terpsichorean talents. The late Lord "Creppy" Vivian, who recently died, as Envoy at Rome, was celebrated not only as a waltzer, but also as a cotillon leader, and his successor, Sir Francis Ford, enjoys the reputation of being not only the smallest and most dapper diplomat, but also the best dancer in the service of the British Foreign Office. Count Solms, who has hitherto represented Emperor William at Rome, possessed a similar renown as far as waltzing was concerned. and was invariably selected by Queen Marguerite to open the ball with her at any entertainment at which she happened to be present. Sir Edward Malet, the English Ambassador at Berlin, is an excellent dancer; and much of Lord and Lady Dufferin's great popularity and diplomatic success at St. Petersburg was attribu-table to the perfection with which they succeeded in performing that most difficult of all dances, the national dance of Russia, the grand

Queen Marguerite of Italy is by no means the Queen Marguerite of Italy is by no means the only sovereign lady who is fond of dancing. The Empress of Russia is passionately fond of waitzing and indefatigable in it. So, too, are Queen Marie Amelie o. Portugai and Queen Charlotte of Wurtemberg. They enjoy a notable advantage over the remainder of their sex. For whereas, over the remainder of their sex. For whereas, under ordinary circumstances, women are forced to wait until invited to dance by men, ladies of royal rank have the privilege of selecting their partners. This they do through their chamberlains and gentlemen-in-waiting, who bear to the partner of their choice the royal command to dance such and such a waitz with them. If the cavailer in question happens to be already engaged for the dance with some other lady, he is cavailer in question happens to be already engaged for the dance with some other half he is forced to leave her in the lurch, as everything has to give way before the royal command. Neither the Empress of Austria nor the Queen of Sweden has danced for many a year. The Empress of Germany indulges only it square dances, and her example is followed by the Queen of the Belgians. The widowhood of the Queens of Spain and her example and her widowhood of the Queens of Spain and the Netherlands debars them from taking active part in an annusement of which they were formerly very fond. Of emperors and kings who dance there are very few indeed. The King of Sweden occasionally takes part in square anness, so, too, does the fat King of Portugal, while the Emperor of Germany waitzes as if he were leading a cavalry charge, that is to say, roughly and at great speed, but the sovereigns of Russia. Austria, Belgium, Saxony and Italy absolutely decline to participate in either round or square dances. The last time that Queen Victoria danced at any state ball was in 1850, I believe, and the has never been present at any one of these entertainments at Buckingham Palace since then. It is a great mistake, however, to be the content of the sever danced at all since since then. It is a great mistake, however, to believe that she has never danced at all since then, as I have seen stated in an English paper. For at the tenants' and servants' balls, which,

until a few years back, she was wont to every autumn at Balmoral Castle during her stay in the Highlands, she has often trodden a meas-ure with one of her favorite attendants. On several occasions the late John Brown was her partner; and it was with mingled admiration THE AUSTRIAN CABINET ACHIEVES POPand awe that the guests staying at the castle and the members of the household saw the little, great lady, their august sovereign, ning about in a most lively fashion to the tun-of a regular Scotch reel. Indeed, so often die the Queen thus amuse herself and others tha she aroused ill-natured comment in the southers portion of her dominions, to the effect that if she was so fond of dancing she would do far better to select members of the old nobility for her partners in dignified square dances, instead of danc-

> Dancing, I may add, on the highly polished d parquetted floors of the palaces of I attended with some danger, especially the heels of the men happen to be hampered with the heels of the men happen to be hambered with the spurs that form part and parcel of every full-dress uniform. At a Viennese Court ball I once saw the young secretary of the Rumanian Legation fall so unifortunately, while dancing with one of the Archduchesses, as to come down in a sitting position on her face, to the detri-ment of her nose, thus dausing the imperial organ to bleed. I need scarcely say that he left Viennes the very day, and a week later, distinct Vienns the next day, and a week later obtained his transfer to another post. At Berlin acci-dents of this character were so frequent at the court balls that last year Emperor William summoned the generals commanding the various troops stationed in and around Berlin, and instructed them to direct those officers who wer not able to dance properly to abstain from at tempting to do so at imperial entertainments. Since then young officers are put through the paces by their seniors and have to display certain proficiency in pas settls around the certain proficiency in pas settls around the certain proficiency in pas settls around the certain profice in the certain passes by the certain profice in the certain passes by the certain profice in the certain passes by the certain p in pas seuls around the bill-

THE COLONEL GOES ON STRIKE.

HE SAYS THAT THE PRICES IN THE RES-TAURANTS AND HOTELS MUST COME DOWN.

The man about town is as regular in his habits as the clock in the City Hall tower. For years he has been in the habit of dropping into certain cafés on certain evenings at certain hours. He has gone to one café for luncheon, to another for dinner, to a third for one drink, and to a fourth for a different drink. In half a dozen places he has been well known for half a generation. He is a good patron and his "tips" are liberal. Proprietors are extremely respectful to him, and they are anxious to please him, for he brings with him friends who live well and whose bank accounts are long. Watters serve him with a care that is a fine art, for his "tips" would make a modest little income. As has been said before, the man about town has made his rounds in a precise and systematic man-

"Why! Colonel," said a friend who met him in one of the hotel cafes the other evening, "how do you come to be here?"

The colonel was sipping from his glass in his and gave him a receipt. looked as handsome, as well fed and as amiable as some scrapbags in a dark corner of her bedever. But there was something strange about him | room closet. which caused his friend surprise. It was the place where he found the Colonel. He was not in one of

his usual haunts.
"Why shouldn't I be here?" asked the Colonel, in his good-natured voice.

"But you are so so-"So regular, ch? So much a slave of routine?" he put in with a laugh. "Well, yes, I am." 'I never saw you here before; thought you'd be down at -- 's. Was just about to walk down to

look in on you." "Take off your coat," said the Colonel, "and stay awhile. That's what I am doing "

"But, Colonel, you naven't told me how you hap pen to be here

The Colonel smiled. It was a pleased, self-satis fied smile. "I'm on strike," he said.

"On strike? Against what?" 'Against men who don't know their own business

who don't serve their own interests, who are behind the times." "And who are they?" The Colonel sectled back in his chair and then be

'Do you like that wine?' 'It is very good.

"Is this a pleasant dining-room?"
"It is more than that."

"Isn't it as attractive as -- 's"

"Isn't it more attractive?" "Yes; I think it is."

"Of course it is. The room is brighter and more cheerful. The chairs are more confortable. general furnishings are more sumptuous. The china is of a finer grade. The glass is thinner and better

to say. It isn't — 's."
"Yes, that's it."

From The London Globe.

A millionaire who was noted for his eccentricity has died at Antwerp. M. van Goulaken was one of the celebrities of the city of Rubens; and his house one of the sights that was more amusing to the visitor than to the neighborhood. Van Goulaken had a special antipathy to tram lines, and when they were laid down in front of his house many years ago, he took an oath, and registered it in a letter to the authorities, that he would never have his house cleaned or painted again. The house was long a disgrace to the fushionable quarter in which he lived; but he regarded its dirtiness with grim satisfaction. In his will he has forbidden his heiss to use the word "rearest" in any announcement of his death.

"TOOTS"

"Swing low, sweet chari-o-ot?" shrilled old Dinah from the kitchen, in a high and penetrating falsetto, whose many quavers were star."

hand.

"Good boy! Ye're the best friend I have," said Ranney, patting him, whereat Toots cocked up his ears and wagged his tall.

"Now, lie down and show the lady ye mean to star." A STORY OF A BANDY-LEGGED BULLDOG. Dinah from the kitchen, in a high and penetrating falsetto, whose many quavers were jerked out in a way that sounded as if the singer were undergoing some mysterious torture. | go

Mrs. Stocker, tending flowers in the back garden of her ranch-house in the San Fernando Valley, stopped to listen.

"Gwine for to carry me hose-ome," continued Dinah, in a deep, rumbling tone, suggestive of an asthmette hass and accompanied by an expension of the wind or the rattling of the window. an asthmatte bass and accompanied by an en-

As the negress paused for breath Mrs. Stocker heard a heavy pounding at the front door, and, still smiling at Dinah's duet-like efforts, hurried round the house.

On the porch she found a testy and eccentric her lovely face, and, unappeased by her friendly smile, roared out: "What in thunder's going on in this house-a prayer-meeting or a caton in this house—a prayer-meeting or a cat-light? I've been hammering on this door for ten minutes, seems to me."

"I'm sorry if we've kept you waiting," she
"I'm sorry if we've kept you waiting," she fight? I've been hammering on this door for ten minutes, seems to me!"

answered, gently.

The various hard knots into which his face seemed to be tied slightly relaxed, but he vouchsafed only a sceptical grunt in reply. "I've come to see your husband," said he,

abruptly; "is he to home?" "No, he is not."

ceipt?" he queried, with his chin cocked scornfully in the air.

"I think I could," said she, smiling "Well, I've been owing your husband some money for three years, and couldn't even pay the | " interest, 'cause people didn't pay me; but I've had a stroke o' luck, and here's the money.

Gimme a receipt and we'll be quits," he said, as

he lifted a heavy bag lying beside him. "Oh, dear me" she exclaimed, "could you not give me a check for it? I'm afraid to have so much money in the house"

She got up and calle I: "Who's there" but got no answer. The dog sat upright and looked at the door, but kept perfect silence Mrs. Stocker much money in the house"

much money in the house." He looked upon this feminine timidity with the contempt of a bitter old bachelor, and promptly snapped: "No, I can't. It's all the money I've gat. People seen me luggin, it from the bank Bark."

No answer: but this time the sound continued "At him. Toots" she screamed; "at him Bark." got. People seen me luggin' it from the bank, and if you don't take it likely some one else will. I'm skeered myself!" with a sardonic grin.

She reflected that this crusty person might one need know she had the money; so she asked him into the house, where she counted the coins and gave him a receipt.

When he was gone she hid the gold among

room closet.

As the day were on she grew anxious and nervous. There occurred to her the fear that some passerby who had seen the old man bring the bag from the bank had noticed his horse standing at her gate and would suspect that she had the money.

herself against the door of the Gordon house. Mrs. Gordon, who was lying awake listening for her husband, who had gone to prayer-meeting and had not yet returned, heard the cry. She roused the household, and soon they were the hurrying toward the Stocker house.

As they neared it their nerves were tense, the properties of the Gordon house. Mrs. Gordon, who was lying awake listening for her husband, who had gone to prayer-meeting and had not yet returned, heard the cry. She roused the household, and soon they were the properties of the control of the Gordon house.

It seemed to her that the very birds had too moving an air as they tip-tilted on a branch suiside her bedroom window and cocked their heads on one side to look in.

On the floor iay the figure of a masked man, which heads on one side to look in.

On the floor iay the figure of a masked man, which heads on one side to look in. as a half-mile from her neares' neighbors, the ordons, she and her feeble old Dinah would ave no defence. It was with a feeling of relief that she saw

It was working the husband's best friend, walking toward the house. He was a dark, slender man, but a hervous manner and a rather joyless.

"How are you, Mrs. Stocker? Feeling rather lonesome, ent" he called out "We saw your husband driving by this morning with his regimentals on, and knew that yearst he'd be gone some time. Wife isn't very well, and wants to knew if you won't go over and stay with her while I'm away."

Thank You. I well to the lone of the motionless form beneath him, and then limped toward her.

Mrs. Gordon bent over the prostrate man, and pulled off his mask. An awful cry sounded through the house.

The man was John Gordon dead.—(A. S. Wing, in the San Francisco Argonaut. while I'm away."
"Thank you. I wish I could, but Mr. Stocker

mana you. I wish I could but Mr. Stocker can't possibly be back until to-morrow, and Randall has paid me a large sum in gold that I dare not leave."

here, but had no idea you'd ever see that money again." After a moment's thought he added: Hut why not leave it? Does any one know you on the tables of private chizens and restaurants are it? No one but the man who paid it to me that I

know of—out he looks like a brigand."
"Nonsense, my dear woman! You're letting your fears run away with you. Brigands." your fears run away with you. Brigands den't usually pay detes, and there's nothing to so much to bring about their use by the Americans be afraid of. Just leave the money here, and be afraid of Just leave the money here, and so much to bring about their use by the Americans sary loan; the State assurance of banking operations, over to our house to spend the hight. Darkies as the Moneyoth Restaurant and Wine Company, as the Moneyoth Restaurant and Wine Company, as the Moneyoth Restaurant and Wine Company.

mind me"
"Sairtainly he will, if I tell him. He's a knowing fellah. And there's nothing he can't do for
ye, from minding a baby to chewing up tramps,"
During this talk, Toots listened with an air of
Banney turned to him and gravely During this talk, Toots listened with an air of interest. Ranney turned to him and gravely spoke in the tone of respectful politeness that he would have used toward an intelligent man. "Now, me boy, ye see it's this way. This lady needs ye more'n I do to-night, and so ye'll plaze!

me best if ye bide here with her. Don't let any MEDITERRANEAN FINANCE. harm her, and stay here till I come for ye."

After carefully locking every door and window

able while its deliberation seemed purposely

house. As the wind bulled, she thought she heard a noise at the front door. She rushed into the parlor. There sat Toots, with his eyes fixed in-

ut could not sleep.

Again she heard a metallic sound in the lock.

again came that metallic clink.
"Who is there? What do you want?" she cried.

Why was the dog so still? In an instant the

She saw the door yielding, and have been rear of the house. On, on, she ran toward the Gordons, stumbling, failing, getting up and running again, unconscious of fatigue. Her breath came in gasps, and she could scarcely utter a hoarse cry of "Help! help." as she threw herself against the door of the Gordon house.

ots looked at the motionless form beneath

THE WAY TO COOK SNAILS.

AN IMPORTER TELLS SOME INTERESTING PACTS

REGARDING "ESCARGOTS.

gots he dislikes to call them by the ordinary name

of smalls-and a firm believer in their many virtues

The growing popularity of snalls as a

Toots obeyed, and quietly watched his master TRADE-NAVARRE WILL NOT PAY TAXES-

ITALY'S TREATY BURDENS.

Paris, February 23.

Within the last fortnight the financial weakness of nearly every country in the South of Europe has been brought to light, not without windows. She began to fear that if any one broke in. Toots would not even hear it.

The ticking of the clock was almost unbearpublic scandal. Portugal, after failing to meet now thoroughly frightened them by refusing to lengthen the minutes as they passed. The wind increased in fury. She peered into the darkness, but could see nothing beyond the swaying trees. Toots looked at her inquiringly, but as nothing dor from Lisbon; and the Portuguese funds are starming was to be heard settled down once no longer quoted at the Paris bourse. Greece old man, who gazed with marked displeasure at her lavely face, and unappeased by her friendly man, Stocker took up a book, but found it in-Mrs. Stacker took up a control of the control of th nd | willingness to defraud her creditors by reason of which met here in Paris a few days since with Sir John Lubbock as President, is waiting anxlously for a reply to its serious letter of protestafresh rattle of a door or window that sounded as if some one were trying to get in.

At last fatigue made her drowsy. She carried the lamp into her bedroom and left it burning, so that any one who passed might think the family were awake, and then lay down without undressing. As she dozed off, she was now and then awakened by the scraping of the shrubbery upon her window, and, though she did not believed a signs and portents, it sounded to her like the tapping of the willow wand that foretells approaching death. tion. Italy, which has been alarming the world by fears of a revolution based on poverty that threatens bankruptcy, has just received from Signor Crispi's Minister of Finance proposals for a reform so drastic in its measures that every one wonders what can come of it. Even Spain, the most self-sufficient of all these Southern na "When'll be be back?"

"Not until to-morrow."

"I s'pose you don't know how to write a recipit?" he queried, with his chin cocked scorneipt?" he queried, with his chin cocked scornof the trouble excited in Navarre against the gone by. She lay down again and at last sank into a deep sleep. She was awakened by a gust that shook the ments with her finances, and she has long been the chief banker of all the nations now threatening default. But, unlike them, she is at once the richest country in the world in point of actual possession of gold the most sufficient to her own needs in Europe, by her agriculture and industry, and by the savings of her thrifty population:

The American people have not yet learned to Mrs. Stocker | invest their savings in all manner of bonds and stocks from the four quarters of the world. They have not even concentrated their National debt In their own hands. But they enjoy unparalleled agricultural resources, and the world cannot do without their products. Their manufactures are important enough to provide work for their reason flashed before her. Tools must have recognized the step of his master, who had come laborers; and, so long as a wise protection allows them to face competition from abroad, their industry can subsist on the home demand. Moreover, though they have not their proper share in the carrying trade of the world, yet their commerce is in fair proportion to their resources and the numbers of their population. Only their finances feel that trouble and insecurity which affect the rest of the world. Perhaps the plain statement of a few known facts that have brought the nations bordering on the Mediterranean into their present straits may help to clear up ideas concerning the state of things at home. In nearly every case it will be found that England, exacting all payments to herself in gold and preaching free trade to others, is not a littie the cause of emptying the purses of countries that for other reasons would find it difficult to make both ends meet.

ds on one side to look in.

any one proke into her lenely house, which a half-mile from her nearest neighbors, the dons, she and her feeble old Dinah would be no defence.

was with a feeling of relief that she saw a Gordon, her husband's best friend, walking ard the house. He was a dark siender man.

Stocker leaned pityingly toward him. The phylloxera has lessened the production of wine, which represents two-thirds of the entire exportation of the country. At home, besides the bad management of years which left behind the bad management of years which left behind a refractory public debt, the State has made itself responsible for railways which are now openly bankrupt. A monetary crists has kept pace with the financial difficulties. Portugal has tried to imitate England in strict monometallism, with the result that might be expected in a country one-third of whose total importation is from Great Britain. Gold long since left the country. the efforts to bring in a subsidiary silver circulation have failed, and affairs have had to be carried on with a depreciated paper currency. There have been no more varied lessons in finance during the whole century than the unsuccessfu attempts of successive ministries to the deficit in the yearly budget and to sacisfy foreign creditors. The State monopoly of tobacco, handed over to an Interdog to keep you company."

She longed to yield, but she thought of all that this noney would mean to her overworked husband, and, hardening her heart against Mr. Gordan's repeated urgings, persisted in staying at left post.

Of No 19 Fullon-st., this city, one of the largest ranting the issue of the paper bills that must be used for everything from the purchase of one cigarette to the payment of a thousand working post.

well and the second control of the second co

tallic currency, of which the silver at least cannot be drained from her. This is because she does not belong to the Latin Union, for which reason her coins do not pass current beyond the Pyrenees. The case is different with Italy, whose silver lira, though not of the same intrinsic value as the French franc, passes current for it legally, and has in great measure actually crossed the Alps to the great loss of ready money at home. But most of all, in the case money at home. But most of all, in the case of Spain, a consistent policy of protection has so far assured home production, both in industry and agriculture. That is, Spain has had until now a fair amount of labor for her population, and rendy money to hand wherewith to pay for labor. For it should be remembered that with the lack of good money the wages of labor suffer far more than the movements t is labor especially that has to be paid in

The present resistance on the part of Navarre to the new taxes which are to be levied impartially on the whole country is due to something quite unconnected with either the protective tariffs or the question of currency. It is a result of the old civil divisions, with the distinct "fueros" or constitutional rights of the different provinces, which have always prevented Spain from becoming one homogeneous nation like France. In spite of the presence of some of the gravest elements of national bankruptcy, Spain has preserved her financial credit in the main. This, again, can only be due to the fact that her monetary system and her economical policy have not at one and the same time fought with each other, and violated those inevitable laws which regulate international commerce. She has not revised her tariffs in the sense of free trade when there was aiready a deficit in her revenues. to the new taxes which are to be levied im-

the sense of free trade when there was already a deficit in her revenues.

In Italy the situation changes again. It has become complicated with the political necessities of the Triple Alliance, requiring a constant military expenditure, to which the American payment of pensions is a trifling burden. Then, in some parts of the country, all the conditions of supply and demand have been changed in the last few years. Thus, in Sicily, the American demand for oranges and other fruits has gone down with the facilities of transportation from California; the crude wines have ceased to be a necessity to French manufacture, and the sulphur mines scarcely pay for working. All be a necessity to French manufacture, and the sulphur mines scarcely pay for working. All this is over and above a superannuated system of landholdings in many parts of the country, an odious excise collection by even the smallest municipalities, with the consequent multiplica-tion of paid functionaries and peculation, and a senseless expenditure on needless public works by the Government, which has also done every-thing to encourage ruinous building speculation in towns and cities. in towns and cities.

As a consequence, Italy has now to provide against four financial difficulties: First, the payment of interest on a crushing public debt; second, an annual expenditure, almost beyond her resources, on needs she is unwilling to fo third, a reorganization of her entire banking system, with a complete reconstitution of the metallic reserve; fourth, the recovery of her credit, with the return of her silver currency. To do all this, Signor Sonnino has proposed few economies and many taxes—on land, to half its revenue in some cases; on personal incomes, and even on the salt of the poor. His only proposal which meets with universal approbation has which meets with universal appropriate been to remove the excise or municipal tax on the gates of towns to the provisions from the gates of towns to the frontiers of the kingdom, where a protective tariff will partially take its place. The excise was a chief cause of the late rebellious manifestations in Sicily, owing, in part, to the vexations inquisition which it allowed to local functionaries. In this it corresponds to what an

tionaries. In this it corresponds to what an income tax might easily be made.

Greece may be passed by in default of knowledge as to the way by which she proposes to issue from her difficulties. What is already plain from the other countries of the Mediterranean is sufficient for a few practical conclusions in this time of financial origin. sions in this time of financial crisis

First, protective tariffs weigh far less heavily on popular sentiment than internal taxes, which are almost the necessary alternative. Second, even when protection does not put money into the national treasury, it serves to keep it there.
Third, the government which, in the midst of

present-day keen international competition, does not protect its own frontiers commercially is as much the victim of foreign rivals as the government which neglects the military protection of the same frontiers in time of war.

of the same frontiers in time of war.

Finally, it is useless to try to settle the tariffs of a country with reference to the absolute needs of home production only. The question of money and exchange—of keeping the country's gold at home—must be taken into account. France, in the last twenty-five years, has had causes enough for bankruptcy. But her gold reserve is double that of England, and she has not given in to English free trade. Perhaps this is why she has been able to rise above all difficulties.

A CAPTAIN'S TALE OF THE SEA.

HOW SAILORS RID THEMSELVES OF A RAVENOUS SHARK-A BOMB IN THE ANIMAL'S STOMACH. One of the oldest sea captains who visit this port

is a German who years ago left his fatherland to take service in one of the English vessels plying between London and the East Indies. In conversa tion a few days ago he gave an account "most exciting experience."

vessel was not very large-for five days, on one of my early voyages. It was impossible to satisfy his ravenous hunger, and he swallowed almost everyto capture the animal and almost decided to give up the attempt. Then, unhappily, my cabin-boy died, and we of course, made preparations to bury the State's name; even the serious reduction of him as sailors wish to be buried, in the depths of the sea. We watched closely for the shark on the morning of the funeral, naturally not wishing him to make a meal of the ship's little favority had not seen him for an hour or more, and believed the time favorable for the burial. we had been deceived. The body, loaded with cannon balls to carry it to the bottom of the sea, had just touched the water when the great shark opened its mighty jaws and swallowed it. The sallors who had lowered the body were almost drawn overboard by the forceful pull

> "This angered the seamen beyond endurance, and they swore that they would kill the creature. They prepared a bomb, which was made to explode under the water in a certain time, inclosed it in a cowhide and threw it to the shark when he again appeared near the ship. The cowhide quickly disappeared mouth, swam away from the vessel a considerable expected it to do the same thing this time, as the ship might be endangered by the coming explosion But to the terror of all of us, the shark remained

But, to the terror of all of us, the shark remained in close proximity to the vessel. One of the sailors suggested that the bite was not large enough to inconvenience the monster and proposed that we make a larger package for his stomach. It was done as quickly as possible.

"One of the seamen got a sack which was filled with old rags and other useless things, and threw it into the water. The jaws opened, but he could not get the stuff down his throat easily, so he swam away, to the great delight of all on board. But the time had come for the explosion, and we waited with quick-beating hearts for it, praying that he would keep away from the ship. We could just see the fish start below the surface, when a dull sound was heard, the waters parted and flew in the air. The shark was divided into pieces and our danger was past. I shall never forget our terror while the animal remained near us with that bomb in his belly."

THE STREETS OF THE TOWN BURNED UP From The St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

From The St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"It is not often a man is a witness to burning streets in a town, but I had that pleasure a few days ago," said G. W. Douglass, of El Paso. "The citizens of the village of Las Cruces, N. M., are in the habit of grading their streets with the accumulations of barn-yards. They had done this till the sand, dust and manure had become thoroughly mixed, the manure predominating. It seldom rains in that part of the country, and the manure was dry as powder. From some cause it caught fire in the western part of the village, just as one of New-Mexico's typical sand storms was rising. The wind soon became a strong gale, and the are spread rapoily. In less than twenty minutes the whirling wind had carried the fire into all parts of the main streets, which had been graded with stable stuff. Dense clouds of smoke rolled over the buildings and out on the plains. The whole neavens were darkened, and it was a grand sight to see the great columns of smoke, fire, sand and dust surging, whirling and darting away toward the mountains. Had the town not been built of mud it would certainly have been destroyed. The storm swept the streets of all barnyard grading material, and the Las Cruces villagers will have to regrade as material accumulates."

Muggy-Hinks, the artist, is getting up in the

world.

Hrugsy-How do you know?

Mugsy-You know that room of his he used to call an "office"?

Hrugsy-Yes.

Mugsy-A year ago he began to call it a "studo."

Brugsy-Yes.

Mugsy-Weil, now he calls it an "atelier."

ing under monetary difficulties (which even in the America threaten a long financial crisis), no Government can experiment safely with freetrade theories that only add to the already existing difficulties of the national revenue.

It is possible that Portugal is too small a country for American economists to study in it experimentally the relations of money exchange with home production and foreign commerce. But after they have settled the question of binetallism and protection without reference to each other or to the facts of the case taken in their entirety, they may receive an unexpected and for chile lesson from the experience of America tiself. Meanwhile ea nartful amenity of Portugal adopted. The city of Porto is to celebrate the fourth oentenary of the death of the Infante Henrique, fourth son of John I, to whom more than to any other is owed that vast colonial empire which for a time brought Portugal into the front rank of nations. The Government, with no strain on its budget, contributes for its share to the solemnity by putting on the market an issue of posta